



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Her father and mother parted just when the Duraven was ordered by a submarine. Carolyn May goes to live with her bachelor uncle, Joseph Stagg, at the Corners. The receipt of her father's and her mother's car by her uncle and his housekeeper, Auntie Rose Kennedy, is not very enthusiastic.

CHAPTER II—Auntie Rose rules the home with an iron hand, but is not unkind to the child.

CHAPTER III—Stagg learns from a letter from a New York lawyer that the child has been left practically penniless. Carolyn's sunny disposition begins to make an impression on the stern housekeeper.

CHAPTER IV—Carolyn makes the acquaintance of Joseph Stagg, with whom her uncle has not been on speaking terms for years.

CHAPTER V—She learns of the engagement between her uncle and his cousin, Amanda Parlow, and the cause of the bitterness between the two families.

CHAPTER VI—The mongrel wins the approval of the entire population by pointing a trap in the act of robbing the blind teacher.

CHAPTER VII—While Carolyn and her uncle are taking a Sunday walk in the woods, they encounter Amanda Parlow. The dog kills a snake about to strike Amanda and Stagg and Amanda speak to each other for the first time in years.

CHAPTER VIII—Carolyn is told by Auntie Rose that her uncle's clerk, the butler, has been left in the house when she was left by her parents. She learns that she is really loved by her uncle and Auntie Rose.

CHAPTER IX—Carolyn finds an old note in a snow drift. It had been badly injured in a fall and is taken in and read by Amanda.

CHAPTER X—It turns out that the sailor was on board the Duraven when it was sunk.

CHAPTER XI—Amanda calls Stagg to her house to hear the sailor's story. It seems little hope for his sister and her husband.

CHAPTER XII—Chet Gormley takes Carolyn out skating. The spring freshet comes and breaks up the ice, putting them in great peril.

(Continued from yesterday)

CHAPTER XIII.

The Chapel Bell.

If Joseph Stagg had obeyed the precept of his little niece on this particular afternoon and had been "looking up" instead of having his nose in the big ledger, making out monthly statements, he might have discovered the coming storm in season to withdraw his permission to Chet to take Carolyn May out on the ice.

It was always dark enough in the little back office in winter for the hardware dealer to have a lamp burning. So he did not notice the snow flurry that had taken Sunrise Cove in its arms until he chanced to walk out to the front of the store for needed exercise.

"I declare to man, it's snowing!" muttered Joseph Stagg. "Thought we'd get through with that for this season."

He opened the store door. There was a chill, clammy wind, and the snow was damp and packed quickly under foot.

"Hum! If that Chet Gormley were here now, he might be of some use for once," thought Mr. Stagg.

Suddenly he bethought him of the errand that had taken the boy away from the store.

"Hey, Stagg!" shouted a shopkeeper from over the way, who had likewise come to the door, "did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" asked Joseph Stagg, puzzled.

"There she goes again! That's Joe, old man. She's breaking up. We'll have spring with us in no time now."

The reverberating crash that had startled Chet Gormley had startled Joseph Stagg as well.

"My goodness!" gasped the hardware dealer, and he started instantly away from the store, bareheaded as he was, without locking the door behind him—something he had never done before, since he had established himself in business on the main street of Sunrise Cove.

Just why he ran he could scarcely have explained. Of course, the children had not gone out in this snow-

storm! Mrs. Gormley—little sense as



"Where's That Plagued Boy?"

he believed the seamstress possessed—would not have allowed them to venture.

Yet, why had Chet not returned? He quickened his pace. He was running—slipping and sliding over the wet snow—when he turned into the street on which his store boy and his widowed mother lived.

Mrs. Gormley saw him coming from the windows of the tiny front room.

Mr. Stagg plunged into the little house, head down, and belligerent.

"Where's that plagued boy?" he demanded. "Don't tell me he's taken Hannah's Carolyn out on the cove in this storm!"

"But—you told him he could!" wailed the widow.

"What if I did? I didn't know 'twas going to snow like this, did I?"

"But it wasn't snowing when they went," said Mrs. Gormley, plucking up some little spirit. "I'm sure it wasn't Chetwood's fault. Oh, dear!"

"Woman," groaned Joseph Stagg. "It doesn't matter whose fault it is—or if it's anybody's fault. The mischief's done. The ice is breaking up. It's drifting out of the inlet."

Just at this moment an unexpected voice broke into the discussion.

"Are you positive they went out on the cove to slide, Mrs. Gormley?"

"Oh, yes, I be, Mandy," answered the seamstress. "Chet said he was going there, and what Chet says he'll do, he always does."

"Then the ice has broken away and they have been carried out into the lake," groaned Mr. Stagg.

Mandy Parlow came quickly to the little hall.

"Perhaps not, Joseph," she said, speaking directly to the hardware dealer. "It may be the storm. It snows so fast they would easily get turned around—be unable to land the shore."

Another reverberating crash echoed from the cove. Mrs. Gormley wrung her hands.

"Oh, my Chet! Oh, my Chet!" she wailed. "He'll be drowned!"

"He won't be, if he's got any sense," snapped Mr. Stagg. "I'll get some men and we'll go after them."

"Call the dog, Joseph Stagg. Call the dog," advised Miss Amanda.

"Heh? Didn't Prince go with 'em?" "Oh, yes, he did," wailed Mrs. Gormley.

"Call the dog, just the same," repeated Amanda Parlow. "Prince will hear you and bark."

"God bless you! So he will," cried Mr. Stagg. "You've got more sense than any of us, Mandy."

"And I'll have the chapel bell rung," she said.

(Correspondence Associated Press)

TOURS, Central France, Sept. 10.—The American army will soon be sharing with the French in the operation of the highest and most powerful wireless sending station in the world. This is now nearing completion on the French coast—the point cannot be stated—and its giant towers can be seen rising 810 feet, or 260 feet higher than the Eiffel tower. Soon it will be in direct touch with America with far more power than ever before, supplementing the cable for trans-Atlantic service and perhaps with its new power rivaling the cable for quick communication.

All along the front small wireless stations have been set up to intercept enemy radio exchanges and to locate enemy stations. Messages are picked up from all the capitals of Europe, and especially from the larger German cities. This practice of intercepting messages seems to be universally accepted as a war necessity, and the crop daily gathered includes those from friends as well as foe. The enemy has many small radio stations along the front, which are in constant communication with Berlin and Hanover, the two central enemy stations.

The American army controls a quadruple cable line across the English channel, which connects the French telegraph and telephone system directly with the English lines. Thus American officials are brought together for direct immediate exchange between Paris, London and American headquarters at the front.

An extension to trans-Atlantic cable is only a question of time, and with this realized there is the possibility at least of direct immediate communication between Washington and American military headquarters at the front.

"Huh! what's that for?"

"The wind will carry the sound out across the cove. The boy, Chet, will recognize the sound of the bell and it will give him an idea of where home is."

"You do beat all!" exclaimed Joseph Stagg, starting to leave the house.

"Find a cap of Chet's, Mrs. Gormley," she commanded. "Don't you see Mr. Stagg has no hat? He'll catch his death of cold."

"Why, I never thought!" He turned to speak directly to Miss Amanda, but she had gone back into the room and was putting on her outer wraps. Mrs. Gormley, red-eyed and weeping, brought the cap.

Mr. Stagg plunged down the steps and kept on down the hill to the water front. There was an eating-place here where the waterside characters congregated, and Mr. Stagg put his head in at the door.

"Some of you fellows come out with me on the ice and look for a little girl—and a boy and a dog," said Mr. Stagg. "Like enough, they're lost in this storm. And the ice is going out."

They all rushed out of the eating-house and down to the nearest dock. Even the cook went, for he chanced to know Carolyn May.

"And let me tell you, she's one rare little kid," he declared, out of Mr. Stagg's hearing. "How she came to be related to that hard-as-nails Joe Stagg is a puzzle."

The hardware dealer might deserve this title in ordinary times, but this was one occasion when he plainly displayed emotion.

Hannah's Carolyn, the little child he had learned to love, was somewhere on the ice in the driving storm. He would have rushed blindly out on the frozen lake, bareheaded and alone, had the others not halted him.

Joseph Stagg stood on the dock and shouted at the top of his voice: "Prince! Prince! Prince!"

The wind must have carried his voice a long way out across the cove, but there was no reply.

Then, suddenly, the clear silver tone of a bell rang out. Its pitch carried through the storm startlingly clear.

There was a movement out in the cove. One field of ice crashed against another. Mr. Stagg stifled a moan and was one of the first to climb down to the level of the ice.

"Have a care, Joe," somebody warned him. "This snow on the ice will mask the holes and fissures something scandalous."

But Joe Stagg was reckless of his own safety. He started out into the snow, shouting again:

"Prince! Prince! Here, boy! Here, boy!"

There was no answering bark.

The clanging of the chapel bell was a comforting sound. Joseph Stagg did not know that, unable to find the sexton, Amanda Parlow had forced the church door and was tugging at the rough rope herself.

Back and forth she rang the iron clapper, and it was no uncertain note that clanged across the storm-driven cove that afternoon. It was not work to which Carolyn May's "pretty lady" was used. Her shoulders soon ached and the palms of her hands were raw and bleeding. But she continued to toll the bell without a moment's surcease—on and on, till her brain swam and her breath came chokingly from her lungs.

"Joe! Joe!" she muttered each time that she bore down on the bell rope, and the iron tongue shouted the word for her, far across the snow-blotted cove.

(To be Continued)

HIGHEST WIRELESS SENDING STATION OWNED BY ARMY

Weather forecasting and meteorological work is another branch which has become highly important in the American military operations. It has played its part not only in the determination of the moment for big offensive movements, when steady clear weather is one of the elements of success, but also in the extremely important special forecasts it furnishes the artillery branch, the air service, and the gas service.

The failure or success of a gas attack may turn on the fore-knowledge of the wind and barometric conditions. It has been a coincidence that most of the German offensives have come during periods of favorable weather, and this has led to statements that they had developed some new and superior device of weather forecasting. But those who have most to do with the service say the allied forecasters are as expert as any the world over.

Carrier pigeon service is still an

other branch of communication which the American army is finding highly advantageous in the field. The pigeons as they are called have become an important adjunct of the front, with several hundred enlisted men and a score of officers, equipped with rolling ladders, breeding stations, etc. Some of the leading pigeon fanciers have been commissioned in this branch, and they are breeding birds of the finest stock. Captured enemy pigeons show that the Germans are also using very fine birds and are placing much dependence on the carrier service.

There is also the motor-cycle despatch service as an adjunct to the telegraph, for carrying maps and long documents too bulky for the wires, and the photographic branch with a unit for each division, keeping a complete pictorial record of the American military activities.

Altogether it is a huge work with some three to four per cent of the entire army—or about 35,000 officers and men in a force of a million men—maintaining the steady flow of communication throughout this nerve system of the American army.

HORSES STOLEN TO FEED THE HUNGRY

(By Associated Press)

ZURICH, Sept. 27.—Horse stealing in Vienna has increased to such an extent that several firms have been forced to give up business. A good wagon team is now worth from \$6000 to \$8250. Some firms have lost as many as a dozen horses, as well as wagons, and thefts continue daily in the streets. The stolen horses are usually sold to slaughter houses.

A recent order forbids the publication of market prices of horses for slaughter, but the last reports priced them at \$1000 to \$1500 each.

USING PRISONERS TO RAISE FOOD

(By Associated Press)

ZURICH, Sept. 27.—Hungarian landowners are doing their utmost to keep back Russian prisoners of war. The Hungarian Agricultural union has sent a memorial to the government asserting that the disordered conditions of Russia render difficult the return of prisoners to their homes, and also that the withdrawal of 200,000 Russians from the farms would cause enormous loss to Hungarian agriculture.

BIRTH RATE INCREASE

(By Associated Press)

ZURICH, Sept. 27.—Underfeeding, exhaustion, intestinal disorders and tuberculosis are chiefly responsible for an increase in the Vienna death rate, of 28 to 29 per cent, according to the municipal authorities.

Other interesting figures, obtained from parochial registers, show a great decrease in the number of births and marriages since peace years. Births in the average parish have fallen off one-half and marriages by a third to a half.

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RAILROAD MEN RESIST ORDER ON POLITICS

(By Associated Press)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27.—Representative Wood of Indiana, speaking in the house, said representatives of the four railway brotherhoods have filed a protest with Director General Mead against the order prohibiting railroad employees from participating in politics. This order, Mr. Wood maintained, is in violation of the rights of employees as citizens, and in contrast to the political activities of the leaders of the administration. He criticized another ruling of the railroad administration which, he said, prohibits railroad men from having an interest in co-operative stores.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

MANHATTAN UNION AMALGAMATED MINES SYNDICATE—Location of principal place of business, Tonopah, Nye County, Nevada. Location of works, Manhattan, Nye County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 24th day of September, 1918, an assessment (No. 2) of one (1) cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary, at the office of the Registration Surety Company, room 265 Russ Building, San Francisco, California.

An stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of October, 1918, will be sold at public auction, for sale to the highest bidder, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 11th day of November, 1918, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors, CHARLES D. OLNEY, Secretary, San Francisco, California. adv516-010

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of The Tonopah Mining Company of Nevada, held September 19th, 1918, a dividend of fifteen per cent was declared, payable October 21st, 1918, to stockholders of record at three o'clock afternoon September 20th. Transfer books will close September 30th and open October 7th, 1918. On account difficulty retaining sufficient clerical force in office payment of quarterly dividend will be discontinued and hereafter dividends will not be paid more frequently than semi-annually. January dividends is anticipated at this time and subsequent dividends will be governed by conditions.

(Signed) C. A. HIGBEE, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa., September 19th, 1918. adv5216

NOTICE OF CLOSE OF REGISTRATION FOR GENERAL ELECTION

NOTICE is hereby given that registration for the General Election to be held on November 5, 1918, will close on TUESDAY, the 15th day of October, 1918.

Electors may register for the ensuing election by appearing before the County Clerk at his office or by appearing before a Deputy Registrar in the manner provided by law.

All electors in order to vote at this election must have been registered on or after June 1st of this year.

L. E. GLASS, County Clerk, Section 17, Election Law. S14014

ANNOUNCEMENT

We are going to open the Bertram Sales room building on Sept. 15-18 as a Goodyear Service Station with a complete stock of Goodyear Tires, Tubes, Belting, Truck Tires and Vulcanizing. We are going to render Goodyear Service as prescribed by the Goodyear Company.

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Notice to Stockholders of THE ATLANTA MINES COMPANY

The period within which certificates of the Atlanta Mines Company may be exchanged for certificates of the Reorganized Atlanta Mines Company has been extended from August 24th, 1918, to September 30th, 1918. For detailed information apply to A. H. HOWE, Goldfield, Nevada. adv-a2430

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